

## **Stephanie J. Block** **"Invention"**

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This evening has been swell, a first date in New York.  
You asked the proper questions, you used the proper  
fork.  
You looked into my eyes, you were calm, polite,  
composed.  
You even bypassed my pet peeve and chewed with  
your mouth closed.  
We paid the check, you walked me home, a sweet kiss  
at my door.  
And then came the big question: Would I like to see you  
more?

Well, I shouldn't make a date without my book in front  
of me,  
Cause I'm always double booking which can cause  
catastrophe.  
And although it's never personal, just merely oversight,  
I've ticked off many friends and with my mother had a  
fight  
About my irresponsibility and how it's down right rude  
To be so absentminded and show such ingratitude  
As to not remember who and when and where I said I'd  
be,  
But my mother is impossible and somehow doesn't see  
That it's strictly lack of focus or there's too much on my  
mind  
So that little things like names and dates get somehow  
left behind  
In some file I cannot access sits some corner of my  
brain.  
But I didn't mean to bring Mom up or stand here and  
complain!  
For the simple point I'm trying to make despite the time  
it took  
Is that I really can't do anything without my friggin'  
book!

And I guess that we would be remiss to not pay some  
attention  
To the simple fact that both of us are busy, did I  
mention?  
I take a class in pottery and practical philosophy

Which mother finds indulgent but it's just my curiosity  
About the world around me, so that means without a  
doubt  
That Tuesday nights and Friday afternoons are simply  
out.  
And I'm sure you have your conflicts and appointments  
you must keep,  
And then there's all the little things, like laundry, food,  
and sleep.  
Not to say that it's impossible and far from  
insurmountable.  
It's just that as two grownups we must always be  
accountable  
For all the little details and demands upon our time  
Which can sometimes seem ridiculous and make an  
uphill climb  
Of our day to day existence like a race that can't be  
won,  
And all but just eliminate the time for any fun.

And I probably should mention, although maybe it's too  
soon  
That I tend to be a little shy and hide in my cocoon.  
I really am the quiet type and what you call old fashion  
For my physical affection for the one I date is rationed  
out  
In small amounts, and over time it takes a while to  
bloom  
And moving on to second base takes months so don't  
assume  
That the speed of my libido has a thing to do with you.  
It's really just some Catholic crap that I'm still working  
through.

And then there is the question which is open for debate  
Of whether I'm in any frame of mind to even date.  
I mean is it too soon after the last misadventure  
To put myself through that kind of assorted mess  
again, sure  
They say that time is healing and I truly feel of course,  
When one falls off the best advice is jump back on the  
horse.  
But the wounds are deep and slow to heal and even  
though I've tried  
I sometimes feel I'm meant to be the bridesmaid not  
the bride.

Oh my God! I must be swimming in some red wine sort  
of haze.  
I'm resorting now to metaphors and tired old  
clichés.

You really must forgive me for its far from illustrative  
Of the normal sort of gal I am who's smart and so  
creative.

This rambling's got to cease, for I know you must be  
weary  
Of this seemingly ridiculous avoidance of your query

So I guess the simple truth, which defies all  
comprehension

If there was a quicker path to take than this prolonged  
invention.

When you asked me for another date it caused me to  
digress.

I should have gotten to the point and simply answered  
no.

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